NON
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THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE

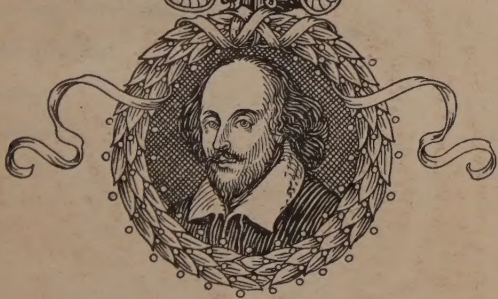
KING HENRY THE FOURTH—PART I.

EDUARD GRÜTZNER, PINXT.

Prince Henry, Falstaff and Peto.

SHAKESPEARE

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV



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INTRODUCTION

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.,

ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

KING HENRY THE FOURTH, PART I.[1]—In *Henry IV.*, we return, from southern Italy—where Shakspere's last play, *The Taming of the Shrew*, had taken us—to our own England—

> "This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
> This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
> Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth."
> —*Richard II.*, Act II., sc. i., p. 50.

We come from the grace and beauty and wit of Portia, the curses and baffled vengeance of Shylock, the tender friendship of Antonio and Bassanio, and the rivalry of the courtiers of the sweet Bianca, the taming of Katherine the curst, to the headstrong valour of Hotspur, the wonderful wit of Falstaff, the vanquisht rebels

[1] The play was enterd at Stationers' Hall on February 25, 1597. It was probably written in 1596–7. *Henry IV.* is in Meres's list of Shakspere's plays, 1598. It was first printed in 1598 (Q. 1), and reprinted in 1599 (Q. 2 from Q. 1), in 1604 (Q. 3 from Q. 2), in 1608 (Q. 4 from Q. 3), in 1613 (Q. 5 from Q. 4). The Folio Text was printed from the 5th Quarto, 1613. The play ranges from the battle of Holmedon (or Halidown Hill), September 14, 1402, to the battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403. Shakspere may have got hints for Falstaff and Poins from Ned and Sir John Oldcastle in *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, 1598 licenst 1594. *Hazlitt*, Pt. II., i. 323. Falstaff was first calld Oldcastle. See Grigg's Fac-similes of the First Quartos of 1 and 2 *Henry IV.*, with Forewords by H. A. Evans, 1881.

who wound England with their horses' hoofs, the noble rivalry of Henry Percy and Henry, Prince of Wales —

> "*Hotspur.* O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
> And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
> But I and Harry Monmouth!"—

and the sight of how "ever did rebellion find rebuke" (Act V., sc. v., p. 163). Love gives place to war; kingdoms are striven for, not fair girls' hands; rebels, not shrews, are tamed. Let us look for a moment at the change from Shakspere's early historical plays. It is one from spring to summer. Like Chaucer, he has been, as it were, to Dante's land, to Petrarch's, Boccaccio's home, and when he touches his native soil again,[1] he springs from youth to manhood, from his First Period to his Second, from the cramp of ryme, the faint characterisation of *Richard II.*, to the freedom, the reckless ease, the full creative power of *Henry IV.* Granting that the rhetoric of the earlier play does still appear in Vernon's speech, &c., yet all its faint and shadowy secondary figures have vanisht. Through every scene of *Henry IV.*, Part I., beats the full, strong pulse of vigorous manhood and life. The whole play is instinct with "go"; every character lives: and what magnificent creations they are! Falstaff, Hotspur, Glendower, Henry and his son, Douglas, Poins, Lady Percy, Mrs. Quickly—who does not know them as old friends? In comic power Shakspere culminates in Falstaff; in characterisation the play is never exceld.

[1] The third time. *Richard III.* and the revised *Henry VI.* and *John* stand between *Richard II.* and *Henry IV.*

But, for particulars. We saw Henry the Fourth before as Bolingbroke in *Richard II.*; his stirring impeachment of Mowbray, his unjust banishment by Richard the Second for six long years to wander from the jewels that he loved (Act I., sc. iii.); his courtship of the common people; his coming back to claim his own inheritance; his sweet, soft speech, got from his gracious mother, Blanche, whom Chaucer loved; his promise to young Hotspur; his professions to Richard the Second; his taking the crown, notwithstanding prophecies and warnings of evil; his hint to Exton to murder Richard, and his vow to make a voyage to the Holy Land. We are now to see how, as king, he kept his vow and fulfilld his promises, how Carlisle's and Richard's prophecies were accomplisht, and how the character of his unthrifty son, in whom he saw some sparkles of a better hope, developt. In his time the right doctrine of elective kingship was not accepted by the English. Nor was it so in Shakspere's time. The power of the barons was too great; and the turbulence necessarily following from it we have already seen in *Richard II.*, *Henry VI.*, and *John*. But now a strong king is on the throne. What Henry has won, he'll keep, let who will say nay. We have no fine sentiments followd by nothingness, as with Richard II.; no pious weak moralising, as with Henry VI.; no calling in of Pope as with John; but instead, the word and blow, troops out, and march. Still, his mother's nature's in him; he wills not that war's

> "Crimson tempest should bedrench
> The fresh green lap of fair [King Henry's] land."

He offers peace even to the arch-rebel Worcester, his bitterest foe. It is refused; and then, having dofft his easy robes of peace, and crusht his old limbs in ungentle steel, he orders only Worcester and Vernon to their death: "other offenders we will pause upon." His real character, his astuteness and foresight, are shown in his talk with his son Harry, when he contrasts himself with Richard the Second. No wonder such a man, looking forward to his death, grievd to see what his heir was, and envied Northumberland his Hotspur. Was all that he'd staked life and soul for, the England that he'd loved and left, that he'd re-won with his own good sword, to be handed over to a pot-house cad? Was all the Derby, Lancaster line, the John of Gaunt, Third Edward's blood, to grovel in drunken mire and filth?[1] The king's, the father's heart was toucht. We feel with him in his reproaches to his son, and in his burst of joy "a hundred thousand rebels die in this," when Henry vows "to redeem all this on Percy's head." Prince Hal, afterwards Henry the Fifth, is Shakspere's hero in English history. He takes not Cœur-de-lion, Edward I., or III., or the Black Prince of Wales, but Henry of Agincourt. See how he draws him by his enemy Vernon's mouth, how modestly he makes

[1] See Ewald's book on Henry V., and Boswell-Stone's section on the play in his *Shakspere's Holinshed*. The *Academy* of April 16, 1881, reviewing the *Cornhill Magazine* of April 1, says: "Mr. Ewald gives us the result of his investigations into the 'Youth of Henry V.,' and succeeds in showing, contrary to Shakspere, that he was an eminently respectable young man. Indeed, a careful study of his reign leads us to consider him a prig and a fanatic, rather than a large-minded and adventurous hero." But the evidence of the many contemporary MSS. of *The Brut* amply confirms Shakspere's character of Henry V. in his youth. See one quoted on p. 18 of my Introduction to *Henry V.*, and others in Dr. H. Brie's Part II. of his edition of *The Brut, a Chronicle of England* for the Early English Text Society, 1908.

him challenge Hotspur, how generously treat that rival when he dies; how he makes him set Douglas free, praise Prince John's deed, save his father's life, give Falstaff the credit of Hotspur's death! Yet, on the other hand, he shows us him as the companion of loose-living, debaucht fellows, highway-robbers, thieves, and brothel-haunters, himself breaking the law and lying to the sheriff on their behalf. And what is the justification and motive for all this? To astonish men, to win more admiration—

> "So when this loose behaviour I throw off," &c.
> —I. ii., pp. 38-39.

Surely this is a great mistake of Shakspere's; surely in so far as the prince did act from this motive, he was a charlatan and a snob. (Yet see Prof. Dowden's *Mind and Art of Shakspere*, p. 211.)

Instead of a justification by Henry of himself, it should have been put as an excuse, a palliation of misdeeds, in another man's mouth; as something like it is, in fact, put in Warwick's mouth in Part II., Act IV., sc. iv., p. 143. We see, too, how Hal appeasd his conscience when it botherd him, by arguments which, though they sounded very grand, were really worth nothing. He had sinnd morally—how would he atone for it? Why, he'd fight physically. By being stronger or cleverer in fight than Hotspur, he'd win not only Hotspur's martial fame, but moral glory too, and claim the merit of his foe's life, of duty and devotion to his mistress, war. When Hotspur lay dead at his feet, he thought Hotspur's honours and his own shame had changed places. Still, we must recollect the times.

Henry's wildness would hardly be blamed then; full bloods *will* sow their wild oats. His escapades were only skin-deep; at a touch, the call of war, he changed. He was not passion's slave; he had his mother's, his father's self-control; gallant and wise, he won.

As to Hotspur, who can help liking him? With all his hotheadedness and petulance, his daring and his boasting, his humour with his wife, his scorn of that scented courtier, his lashing himself into a rage with Henry the Fourth, his keenness at a bargain (North-country to a T), his hatred of music, his love of his crop-eard roan. Yet he is passion's slave, the thrall of every temper and whim. Himself and his own glory are really his gods, as at his death he says. What is his native land, what is England's weal, to him? Things to be sacrificed because his temper's crost. One-third to Wales, to England's foe, one-third to himself, and but one-third to Richard's rightful heir. In one sense, Hotspur is Kate the Shrew, in armour, and a man. But how he lives in the play, and starts from the printed page!

Of Falstaff, who can say enough? He is the incarnation of humor and lies, of wit and self-indulgence, of shrewdness and immorality, of self-possession and vice, without a spark of conscience[1] or reverence, without self-respect, an adventurer preying upon the weaknesses of other men. Yet all men enjoy him—so did

[1] "Is there not a pathos in Falstaff's character from the very fact of a spark of conscience? He does sometimes half wish to change his life, but it is too difficult, and no one will trust him. See Maginn's beautiful Essay, p. 56."—C. Hargrove. I can't believe in the "half-wish," except when and because he's hard up for money or sack. Falstaff's constitutional, unfailing good-temper, I admit.

Shakspere, and he carried his delight in successful rogues to the end of his life. See how in *Winter's Tale* he bubbles and chirps with the fun of that rascal Autolycus, and lets him sail off successful and unharmd.—We see in Falstaff the amusing exaggeration of Grumio; and that imputing his own faults to other innocent people is delightful.[1] His most striking power is shown in his turns when he's cornerd. Look at the cases of Poins and the coward, Prince Hal's exposure of his robbery, his false accusation of Mrs. Quickly, his behaviour in the fight with Douglas, and his claiming to have killd Hotspur. His effrontery is inimitable. He's neither a coward nor courageous. He only asks which'll pay best—fighting or running away, and acts accordingly. He evidently had a reputation as a soldier, and was a profest one, was sought out, and got a commission on the outbreak of the war.[2]

Munro adds:—"1 *Henry IV.* is pre-eminently the play of lusty manhood in all its strength and failings, of combat in arms and humor, of vices and virtues, of death and revelry, of treason in high places, and lawlessness in low. No other play of Shakspere's is more essentially masculine. Of upwards of thirty-five characters, principal and minor, only three are women—Hotspur's beautiful wife, who serves to indicate certain of her husband's characteristics; Hostess Quickly, whose dramatic existence consists solely of her relations with

[1] It's like Mercutio imputing his own quarrelsomeness to Benvolio in *Romeo and Juliet*, III. i.

[2] My friend Mr. W. Myers, great at amateur theatricals, says that even 1 *Henry IV.* is "a play that does not act itself," as the saying is. It depends on the characters, and not on its plot. And this is the case with all the English historical plays. In 1598, Shakspere acted in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*.

Falstaff; and Lady Mortimer, whose song in Welsh, and doings with her husband, make a pleasing break amid plots and intrigue.

"Of the men characters, Prince Hal, Falstaff, and Hotspur stand pre-eminent. As has before been said, the prince was Shakspere's hero, and, this being so, an analysis of his character must be both valuable and interesting. Hal was that strong and splendid type of youth which throws itself with a lusty enthusiasm into all that life can offer; brave, dashing, generous, hopeful, and merry, such men enjoy a freedom of mind which makes them 'Hail-fellow' with the world in revelry, and a noble figure with the world in arms. I entirely disagree with the conception which regards Hal's exploits at the 'Boar's Head' and Gadshill as done only for policy, and in order to enhance him when he should turn to arms and State; and I feel certain that the speech (Act I., sc. ii., pp. 38-39) in which he represents himself as acting for this purpose, and which is entirely against the spirit of everything else he does and says, is an after-thought, tackt on to the end of an early scene, perhaps in consequence of criticism, to attempt to palliate the slips of youth with Falstaff, which are afterwards represented.[1] An examination of Prince Hal's subsequent attitude proves this point. Who can doubt, in reading his jibes and witticisms with the fat knight, in hearing his happy laughter, in realising his zealous participation in all the fun going, and

[1] I don't think a critic can fairly pooh-pooh the text-evidence that is against his view of a character. Almost all do so in the case of Hamlet and the other Shakspere creations that they admire, but it's not 'cricket.'—F. J. F.

his joke with the drawer, that he loved the society of Falstaff, and errd, not because he followd some subtle policy, but because he was young and liked laughter ? He must, of course, have known of the exaggerated reports made about him at court and to the nobles of England—Falstaff had been rated in the street on his account ;—and he must have known, too, how his brother John was stepping into his place ; and when his old father's stern and sorrowful remonstrance was laid upon him, he was humble and submissive. He made no talk then of ' policy,' but promist to make amends, saw that his youth had, perhaps, been too wildly merry, and, the nobler part of his nature being arousd, made those determind resolutions whose after-accomplishment was to mean honor to his name, and the fall of a great rebellion. The next time on which we see him, he is again at the inn, but has gone there only to tell Falstaff [1] of the charge of Foot he has obtaind for him. And again in the play afterwards he expresses his regret for his escapades. ' I may speak it to my shame,' he remarks, Act V., sc. i., p. 144, ' I have a truant been to chivalry ' ; and Vernon, afterwards speaking of him, says the same thing (Act V., sc. ii., p. 149).

" It is natural that, when his great exploits became known, his previous wildness should lend them glory,

[1] See the fine essay on Falstaff, by "another hand" (George Radford, M.P.) at the end of Mr. Birrell's *Obiter Dicta*. Birrell says in the Preface to the Second Series of *Obiter Dicta* : "I am sorry not to have been able to persuade my old friend, George Radford, who wrote the paper on ' Falstaff ' in the former volume, to contribute anything to the Second Series of *Obiter Dicta*. In order to enjoy the pleasure of reading your own works over and over again, it is essential that they should be written either wholly or in part by somebody else."—There is a delicate flavour about "your own works . . . written wholly . . . by somebody else."

and this is made an excuse for his conduct, when no excuse was necessary.

"Hal is the most generous of men, both to his friends and enemies. He has paid for Falstaff's sack time after time, he saves him from the consequences of his villainy, and procures him a command in the war. He repays the travellers who are robd, and saves his friends from the sheriff. Generously he praises Hotspur, and generously he speaks over his corpse. The deed he had promist to do to retrieve his honour, he allows Falstaff basely to claim. And, at last, with a true love for bravery and prowess, he liberates Douglas for his conduct in the battle.

"No man can do justice to Falstaff. He is the most remarkable creation of the Elizabethan age; and no figure of Shakspere's attracted so much attention from his contemporaries and subsequent authors to the end of the seventeenth century.[1] He is a legacy of laughter to the world of men; generations before have, like ourselves, been made merry with his exploits; generations to come will laugh likewise.

"Falstaff was originally Sir John Oldcastle, and a trace of the old name remains in I. ii., p. 32, where Hal calls the knight 'my old lad of the castle'; and in the second part of *Henry IV.*, Quarto 1, the prefix 'Old' is printed before one of Falstaff's speeches. In the previous play of 1 *Henry VI.* Sir John Fastolfe was publicly disgraced for cowardice before Patay. Fastolfe was credited with leanings towards Lollardism;

[1] See the *Centurie of Prayse* and the *Fresh Allusions to Shakspere*, New Shaks. Soc.

and it is not strange, therefore, that Shakspere substituted the name 'Falstaff' for the Lollard 'Oldcastle.'

"A written analysis of Falstaff would be, like the poet's definition of love, a list of antithetical attributes; but the truest thing ever said about him proceeds from his own mouth: 'Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me' (2 *Henry IV.*, Act I., sc. ii., p. 36). Falstaffian humor consists as much in what is said and done to the knight as in what he himself says and does. He is utterly lawless and without morality, exceedingly physical, and therefore exceedingly mortal, a dupe to his own bombast and vice, steept in folly, and professing wisdom. His humor, as a character, lies in the unparalleld boldness with which he lays claim to virtues which everyone knows he does not possess, and denies the follies in which he excels; in his profest possession of, and admiration for, the nobler qualities of man, less dear to him than the kisses of Doll Tear-sheet and a pottle of sack. The king's knight and soldier, he has broken the king's laws and robd on the king's highway; when he should have been hanging for his villainy, he is leading his 'food for powder' to the wars, and creating beggars for the town's end, arguing with the Justice, and moving the hearts of Hostess Quickly and his favourite Doll. His life is full of desperate shifts and strange devices; his business is to convert mischance into fortune, to seize advantage,

and stave off the dangers which attack him from time to time. He can cozen and wheedle; he can bluster, rage, and roar; he is furiously bold as the lion, and weakly timorous as the mouse. He is a most ingenious and transparent liar, changing his indignant but simulated rage into a gay humor which defies attack. He whimsically revolts against his life, and intends to prepare himself for heaven; but these conversions are part of his humor, momentary simulations that come and go like pots of sack. The most ludicrously aggressive and gigantically impudent of rascals, whose wit is as changeful as Proteus, and whose life is a shrewd trading on others' weaknesses, he is the world's most desperate and noisy coward. He initiates us into the system of Falstaffian multiplication, and lays down universal tables of bombastics. He defrauds the crown in allowing his soldiers to buy themselves out of service, and engages a poor, broken, pitiful set of rascals, who are frightend by the report of a gun, and is, himself, so thoroughly ashamed of them that he will not march through Coventry, for fear, doubtless, lest the town dogs be let loose on his army, and the people pelt them from the streets. He declares his old copper ring an heirloom, and proclaims that a dinner bill is three or four bonds of forty pounds apiece. Even at the wars he has his sack, and carries it to battle in his pistol-case. He catechises himself on 'honor,' and will have none of it. With ingenious celerity he pretends death, and escapes the sword of Douglas; with rascally ingenuity he pretends to have kild Hotspur, and audaciously claims recognition for the deed.

"Hotspur is the embodiment of youthful energy. It is natural that he should spurn the dandy as he does; natural, too, that with his self-reliance and active impetuosity he should, like Helena, Edmund, and Iago, deny all supernatural portents and predestination. When Henry crosses him—Henry, whom he and his had raisd to power—he becomes furious and rebellious, eager to grasp at danger, fiery and impetuous, rash and inconsiderate. His little discretion is forgotten; buoyd up by a wrathful indignation, and conscious of the tremendous energy within him, he loses cunning and foresight, disregards means and adequate preparation, and considers his own will to do as sufficient for accomplishment. Thinking of Richard, that 'sweet, lovely rose,' and cursing the 'ingrate and cankerd Bolingbroke,' he forgets his patient and loving wife, and lies restless at night, dreaming of war and tumult. He had all the soldierly powers necessary in a rebellion—energy, earnestness, and fearlessness—but not those qualities necessary to its leaders—care, diplomacy, generalship, and the art of winning men. He was no man for treaties; his rash tongue ran on ungovernd, indulged in foolish provocation, and offended the allies he should have propitiated. Supports may fail, allies may withdraw, but Hotspur cannot conceive himself as beaten, and is more eager to rush to battle. The greater the danger, the greater the glory. Sager minds give him good counsel and advise delay; he, however, is made for battle: caution would have withheld him; lacking that, he staked his cause on one decisive fray, and lost.

His fall was the rise of Henry, who admired him so generously.

"The action depends to a great degree on the character of Glendower, who stands in some respects in antithesis to Hotspur, but is like him, brave and manly. Glendower is a Kelt, imbued with all the superstition of that race. Tremendous prodigies occured at his nativity, as tho' the heavens conspired at his greatness. Small wonder, then, that he is intensely proud, and that, with all his Keltic passion, he should burst into indignation at Hotspur's cynical utterances. These two men bade fair to wreck their cause, but were prevented; but Glendower's superstition helpt finally to accomplish that end, for the assistance he had promist in the rebellion he withheld, 'o'er-ruled,' as the archbishop says, 'by prophecies.' This, with Northumberland's sickness, became, through Hotspur's impetuosity, the cause of the rebellion's failure.

"Henry, the king, we see old, but still, when necessary, energetic. He is anxious to make a pilgrimage to Palestine. His kingship has not been without sorrows: what kingship ever was? He envies Northumberland his brave son, Hotspur, not yet knowing the worth of his own Henry. But Hotspur and his party turnd rebels, and his pilgrimage is prevented. The smiling and affable Bolingbroke of old has now become imperious and commanding; his friends, stung by what seems ingratitude, become his enemies. Henry is dragd again into broils and tumults. Now, more than ever, he feels the conduct of his dissolute son; now he remonstrates with him in

a way at once kingly and fatherly. He does not urge in vain. If the course of the rebellion depends on the conduct of Hotspur, the fortunes of the royal house depend on the actions of Hal. Serious and knightly as Hotspur has been, and dissolute as Prince Hal was, it is yet the serious rebel who falls, and the wild young prince who is triumphant. The king does, indeed, offer terms and make conditional promises to his enemies; but in spite of the deception practist by the rebels among themselves, one feels they were wise to reject Henry's proposals, in the assurance that, were these offers accepted, the day would surely come, when, disbanded and impotent, they would be made to suffer for their past offences. The difficulty of the rebels in the battle was increast by the fact that many of the king's party were attired like himself, and it was thus difficult to recognise him.

"1 *Henry IV.* was almost certainly written in 1596–7. Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), refers to it, and the word 'valiant' in the line (Act V., sc. iv., p. 156)—

"'The spirits
Of *valiant* Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms'

(rendering the line too long), has been thought to point to the knighting of the Shirleys in 1597.

"According to Daniel (*New Shaks. Soc. Trans.* 1877–9, p. 279), the time of the play is ten 'historic' days, with three *extra* Falstaffian days, and intervals. The total dramatic time is three months at most.

"It is not possible from the fruits and flowers mentiond in the play to determine its season (Ellacombe, *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1880–6, p. 70)."

A MAP

Showing the Scene of the Play.

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, *Prince of Wales*, } *Sons to the* KING.
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, }
RALPH NEVILLE, *Earl of Westmoreland.*
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR, *his Son.*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
SIR MICHAEL, *a Friend of the Archbishop of York.*
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *Wife to* HOTSPUR, *and Sister to* MORTIMER.
LADY MORTIMER, *Daughter to* GLENDOWER, *and Wife to* MORTIMER.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE—ENGLAND.

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,

And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the arméd hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposéd eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathéd knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—
Whose soldier now, under whose blesséd cross
We are impresséd and engaged to fight,—
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blesséd feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 't is to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now.—Then, let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butcherèd;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, matched with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:

On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approvéd Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stained with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balked in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains : of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil ?

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son,—
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surprised
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;

Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor,—so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be utteréd.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—London. Before a Tavern

Enter Prince Henry *and* Falstaff

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot

wench in flame-coloured taffeta,—I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we, that take purses, go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus,—he, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace —majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth,—not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof now: a purse

of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'lay by;' and spent with crying 'bring in;' now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by-and-by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir-apparent — But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father Antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and

art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest,—sweet young prince.—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir,—but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely,—but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I 'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad, I 'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee,—from praying to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, *at a distance*

Fal. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal, 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.—Poins! —Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. —O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, 'Stand!' to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are

pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I 'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days, I 'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that 's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I 'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince

and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, the latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen Yea, but 't is like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I 'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I 'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I 'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness.
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wished-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promiséd,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I 'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—London. A Room in the Palace

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities;
And you have found me, for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,—
Mighty, and to be feared,—than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory,

And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—
[*Exit* WORCESTER.
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.] You were about to speak.
North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As was delivered to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest home;
He was perfuméd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:—and still he smiled and talked;

And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,—
He should, or should not;—for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;

And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betrayed
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damned Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason?—and indent with fears
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost

To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthéd wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stainéd with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower.

I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you 'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, BLUNT, *and Train.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them.—I will after straight,
And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.

North. [*To* Worcester.] Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale,
And on my face he turned an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaimed,
By Richard that is dead, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be deposed and shortly murderéd.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalised and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you, did King Richard then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wished him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king:—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No! yet time serves wherein you may redeem

Your banished honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again;
Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night!—or sink or swim:—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple:—O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,

Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownéd honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I 'll keep them all.
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
I 'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will: that 's flat.
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll holla—'Mortimer!'
Nay,
I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,

To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you
When you are better tempered to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon 't—it is in Glostershire;—
'T was where the madcap duke his uncle kept,—
His uncle York,—where I first bowed my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
'Sblood!
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley Castle.

Hot. You say true :—
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !
Look,—'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And, — 'gentle Harry Percy,' — and, — 'kind cousin,'—
O, the devil take such cozeners !—God forgive me !—
Good uncle, tell your tale ; for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again :
We 'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted.—[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.]
—You, my lord,
Your son in Scotland being thus employed,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate well-beloved,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is 't not ?

Wor. True ; who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell 't: upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game 's afoot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aimed.

Wor. And 't is no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we 'll be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell:—No further go in this

Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe,—which will be suddenly,—
I 'll steal to Glendower, and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu.—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I.—Rochester. An Inn Yard

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand

1 *Car.* Heigh-ho! An 't be not four by the day, I 'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ostler. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hanged; come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two races of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 't were not as good a deed as

drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged :—hast no faith in thee ?

Enter GADSHILL

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What 's o'clock ?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye : I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when ? canst tell ?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth 'a ?—marry, I 'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London ?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we 'll call up the gentlemen : they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*

Gads. What, ho ! chamberlain !

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pickpurse.

Gads. That 's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain : for thou variest no more from

picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there 's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I 'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I 'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worshipp'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I 'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he 's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be looked

into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers, none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers: such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed,—we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think you are more beholding to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Road by Gadshill

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO, *at some distance*

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where 's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I 'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the

rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I 'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I 'll starve, ere I 'll rob a foot further. An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I 'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I 'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 't is our setter: I know his voice.

[*Coming forward with* BARDOLPH *and* PETO.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye: on with your visards: there 's money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue: 't is going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There 's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. [*Aside to* POINS.] Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY *and* POINS.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour;
The boy shall lead our horses down the hill;
We 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah, whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed

knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, *&c., driving the Travellers out.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS, *in buckram suits*

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

[*They retire.*

Enter the Thieves again

Fal. Come, my masters; let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the* PRINCE *and* POINS *set upon them. They all run away, and* FALSTAFF, *after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scattered, and possessed with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roared!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Warkworth. A Room in the Castle

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter*

—'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.'—He could be contented,—why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some

more. 'The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;' —why, that 's certain: 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.'— Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold

heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY

How now, Kate, I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banished woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing, and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry, 'Courage!—to the field!' And thou hast talked
Of sallies, and retires, of trenches, tents,

Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners ransomed, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbéd stream ;
And in thy face strange motions have appeared
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these ?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho !

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff ?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse ? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O, *esperance!*
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are tossed with. But in faith, I'll know—
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise. But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns,
And pass them current too.—God's me, my horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed? Well, do not then; for since you love me not, I will not love myself. Do you not love me? Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am o' horseback, I will swear I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate; I must not have you henceforth question me Whither I go, nor reason whereabout: Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude, This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate. I know you wise; but yet no further wise Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are, But yet a woman: and for secrecy, No lady closer; for I well believe Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,— And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate: Whither I go, thither shall you go too; To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you. Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern

Enter Prince Henry

P. Hen. Ned, pry'thee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter Poins

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me,—and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, 'Hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can

drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life, than—'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and—'You are welcome;' with this shrill addition,—'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half Moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—'Francis!' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'anon.' Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit.*

Enter FRANCIS

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My Lord?

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and to show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I 'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me,—'t was a penny-worth, was 't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My Lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O Lord, sir, what do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him: the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit* Francis.] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye: what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.—What's o'clock, Francis?

Francis. [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers, 'some fourteen,' an hour after, 'a trifle, a trifle.'—I pr'ythee call in Falstaff: I'll

play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO, *followed by* FRANCIS *with wine*

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I 'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*Drinks.*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter—pitiful-hearted Titan—that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here 's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,—a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while!

a bad world I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I 'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there.

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat-paunch, an ye call me coward, I 'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I 'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*Drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs: how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal Green came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them,—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why,

thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,—

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal Green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I 'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw—you four set on four, and bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house.—And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters. Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true

prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors: [*to Hostess within*] watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I 'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs:—by 'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no;—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed, to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There 's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen,—the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him for so running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but afoot he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas,

that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken from a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now thou shalt be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

[*Drinks.*

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point:—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to

many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish.—And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang

me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man,—a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it, wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you. Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old,—the more the pity,—his white hairs do witness it: but that he is,—saving your reverence, —a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company. Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess,* FRANCIS, *and* BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue!—Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord,—

P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what 's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras:—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the* PRINCE *and* PETO.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier

Now, master sheriff, what 's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath followed certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,—
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employed him,
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For anything he shall be charged withal:
And so, let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robbed these men

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good-morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [PETO *searches.*] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Peto. [*Reads.*] 'Item, A capon . 2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce . . . . . 4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons . . . . 5*s.* 8*d.*
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper . 2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread . . . . . *ob.*'

P. Hen. O monstrous, but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know

his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I.—Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, *and* Glendower

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?—
And, uncle Worcester:—a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him.
At my nativity the front of heaven
Was full of fiery shapes, of burning cressets;
And at my birth the frame and huge foundations
Of the earth shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kittened, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseaséd nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have marked me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipped in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh.—
I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil

By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.—

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,

And I'll be sworn, I've power to shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,

No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,

And sandy bottomed Severn, have I sent

Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map. Shall we divide our right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. Aye, the archdeacon hath divided it

Into three limits very equally.

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,

By south and east, is to my part assigned:
All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealéd interchangeably—
A business that this night may execute—
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth.
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours :
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I 'll have the current in this place dammed up,
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly :
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see, it doth.

Mort. Yet, but
Mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side ;
Gelding the opposéd continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I 'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it altered.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then :
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you,
For I was trained up in the English court ;
Where, being but young, I framéd to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,—
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I 'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing, so much as mincing poetry :—
'T is like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turned.

Hot. I do not care : I 'll give thrice so much land
Away to any well-deserving friend ;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night :
I 'll haste the writer, and withal

Break with your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy, how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-winged griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, last night, at the least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried, 'Humph,' and 'Well, go to,'
But marked him not a word. O, he 's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Then feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,

And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am schooled: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with Lady* MORTIMER *and Lady* PERCY

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with you:
She 'll be a soldier too; she 'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She 's desperate here; a peevish self-willed harlotry,
One no persuasion can do good upon.

[*She speaks to* MORTIMER *in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in: and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*She speaks again.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that 's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,

Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower
With ravishing division to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
[*She speaks again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness:
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I 'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 't is no marvel, he 's so humorous.
By 'r lady, he 's a good musician.

Lady. P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady. P. Wouldst have thy head broken?

Hot. No

Lady. P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither: 't is a woman's fault.

Lady. P. Now, God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady. P. What 's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*A Welsh song sung by Lady* MORTIMER.

Hot. Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.

Lady. P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth;' and, 'As true as I live;' and, 'As God shall mend me;' and, 'As sure as day:'
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady. P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'T is the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book 's drawn; we 'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace

Enter King HENRY, *Prince of* WALES, *and Lords*

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.—
[*Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only marked
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matched withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg
As in reproof of many tales devised—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear—
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may for some things true wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandered and irregular
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruined; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wondered at;
That men would tell their children, 'This is he;'
Others would say,—'Where? which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from Heaven,
And dressed myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,

Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crownéd king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wondered at: and so my state
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burned; carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profanéd with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed himself to popularity,
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze

Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ;
But rather drowsed, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou ;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation : not an eye
But is aweary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more ;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,—
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg ;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession :
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armèd jaws,
And being no more in debt to years than thou,

Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renownéd Douglas, whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlargéd him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, and Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,

To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:

And God forgive them that so much have swayed
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, washed away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all praiséd knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if he be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offered foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old.—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward:
On Thursday we ourselves will march:

Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account
Our business valuéd, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business : let 's away ;
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown : I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I 'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse : the inside of a church ! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it :—come, sing me a bawdy song ; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough : swore little ; diced not above seven times a week ; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour ; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times ; lived well, and in good compass : and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass,—out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I 'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 't is in the nose of thee ; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I 'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head or a *memento mori.* I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face ; my oath should be, ' By this fire, that 's

God's angel.' But thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the sun of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wild-fire, there 's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess

How now, Dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by

servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? No, I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor: he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease

in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneakcup: 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* PETO, *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets the* PRINCE, *playing on his truncheon, like a fife*

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep, here, behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pounds a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There 's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There 's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea,—if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 't is copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare; but as thou art a prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think, I 'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there 's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine,—it is filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded,—if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants,

cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court, For the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

P. Hen. O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 't is a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels,—they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,

To my brother John; this to my Lord of West-
moreland. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.
Go, Peto, to horse, to horse! for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.
[*Exit* PETO.
Meet me to-morrow in the Temple Hall
At two o'clock, Jack, in the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there re-
ceive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy stands on high;
And either they or we must lower lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my
breakfast; come:—
O! I could wish this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking
truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,

As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 't is well.—

Enter a Messenger with letters

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord: he 's grievous sick.

Hot. Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence
He was much feared by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'T is catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possessed
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopped off:—
And yet, in faith, it 's not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it:—were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion;
And we may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,

And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use :—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, Prince John.

Hot. No harm : what more ?

Ver. And further, I have learned,

The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrádes, that daffed the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnished, all in arms,
All plumed like estridges that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bathed,
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,—

And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them :
The mailéd Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That 's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be :
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily :
Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Public Road near Coventry

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we 'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I 'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a

commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick at his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed, I

had the most of them out of prison. There 's not a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that 's all one; they 'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal! How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 't is more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut! good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit, as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare,—too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I 'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field. [*Exit.*

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long. [*Exit.*

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, *and* Vernon

Hot. We 'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him, then, advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advised, stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well.
You speak it out of fear and a cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas; by my life,—
And I dare well maintain it with my life,—
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day,

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours;
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty? If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and, with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And, when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance, and performed it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm

Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, followed him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.
In short time after he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;

And, in the neck of that, tasked the whole state :
To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March—
Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king—to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited ;
Disgraced me in my happy victories ;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
Rated my uncle from the council-board ;
In rage dismissed my father from the court ;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety ; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, which we find to be
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king ?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter ; we 'll withdraw a while.

Go to the king, and let there be impawned
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes ; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray God, you do !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—York. A Room in the Archbishop's House

Enter the Archbishop of YORK *and Sir* MICHAEL

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealéd brief
With wingéd haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raiséd power,
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there 's Douglas
And Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer 's not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there 's my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;—
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt.
And many more corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For, if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore, make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I.—The King's Camp near Shrewsbury

Enter King Henry, *Prince* Henry, *Prince* John *of* Lancaster, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and Sir* John Falstaff

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon bosky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*

Enter Worcester *and* Vernon

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 't is not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.

What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorréd war,
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broachéd mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege.
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it!—How comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace!

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way and kiss your hand
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,

That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fallen right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rained down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead:
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly wooed
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow,—did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly

Out of your sight and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposéd by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulate,
Proclaimed at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,

More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, go, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone.
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, *and Prince* JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 't is a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'T is not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me. Well, 't is no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No: or an arm? No: or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to

the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it.—Therefore, I 'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—The Rebel Camp

Enter Worcester *and* Vernon

Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'T were best he did.
Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives stuck full of eyes—
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherished, and locked up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors—
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,

The better cherished, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brained Hotspur governed by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's : we did train him on ;
And his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know
In any case the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I 'll say 't is so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS ; *Officers and Soldiers behind*

Hot. My uncle is returned : deliver up
My Lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news ?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid !

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,

Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepped forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How showed his tasking? seemed it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimmed up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise,

By still dispraising praise, valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he mastered there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamouréd
Upon his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine;
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm, with speed!—And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord,
Here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen ! the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us.
Now, for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking. Only this,—
Let each man do his best : and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Esperance !*—Percy !—and set on !—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace ;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Plain near Shrewsbury

Excursions and parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS *and* BLUNT, *meeting*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and* BLUNT *is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR

Hot. O Douglas! hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,

I never had triúmphed upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won: here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnished like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear:
Why did'st thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I 'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here 's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: —there 's honour for you; here 's no vanity.—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep

lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there 's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY

P. Hen. What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unrevenged: pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal! I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal. 'T is hot, 't is hot: there 's that will sack a city.

[*The* PRINCE *draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. Hen. What, is 't a time to jest and dally now? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I 'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there 's an end. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.—Another Part of the Field

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, *Prince* Henry, *Prince* John, *and* Westmoreland

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so.—
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I 'll lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

And Heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stained nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triúmph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long.—Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince* JOHN *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight: the* KING *being in danger, re-enter Prince* HENRY.

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms;
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.—

[*They fight:* DOUGLAS *flies.*

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I 'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile.—
Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion;
And showed thou mak'st some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O God, they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearkened for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and 'would to God,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
P. Hen. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
[*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls*

Hot. O Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool,
And time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph!—
[*He spieth* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowelled will I see thee by-and-by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising.*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing him*] with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*He takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *and Prince* JOHN

P. Hen. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
On the ground.—
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes without our ears.
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I Jack. There is Percy; [*throwing the body down*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down, and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were

alive, and would deny it, zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back :
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I 'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat ; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let 's to th' highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY *and Prince* JOHN.

Fal. I 'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him ! If I do grow great, I 'll grow less ; for I 'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field

The trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, WESTMORELAND, *and others, with* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON, *prisoners*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urged me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;
Other offenders we will pause upon.—
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill he was so bruised,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

P. John. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES

I. i. p. 26. **The thirsty entrance of this soil.**—The thirsty pores of the earth. *Cf.* Genesis iv. 2: "And now art thou cursed from the earth which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand."

I. i. p. 26. **Opposed eyes.**—The fierce eyes of soldiers confronting each other in the charge; luminously applied to the armies themselves.

I. i. p. 27. **The noble Mortimer.**—Shakspere followed Holinshed in confusing Edmund Mortimer, fifth Earl of March, who was direct heir to the throne on the death of Richard II., with Sir Edmund Mortimer, his uncle, the captive of Glendower. Mortimer is correctly referred to as *brother* to Hotspur and Lady Percy (I. iii., p. 46; II. iii., p. 67), and erroneously as their nephew in III. i., p. 102. A further confusion with Roger Mortimer, fourth Earl of March, brother of Sir Edmund Mortimer and father of Edmund, the fifth Earl, occurs in I. iii., p. 47, where Hotspur says:—

> ". . . . did King Richard then
> Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
> Heir to the crown?"

(*See also* Note to I. iii., p. 43, *The Earl of March.*) Historically, Richard II. proclaimed *Roger* Mortimer his heir in 1385.

I. i. p. 28. **Archibald.**—Fourth Earl of Douglas.

I. i. p. 28. **Mordake, the Earl of Fife.**—This was Murdoch Stewart, not the son of Douglas, but eldest son of the Duke of Albany. The error arose from the omission of a comma in Holinshed's account of the prisoners taken at Holmedon: 'Mordacke, earl of Fife, son to the gouernour [,] Archembald earle Dowglas.' Shakspere also followed Holinshed in supposing Menteith to be a separate person, the name being, in fact, a title of Murdoch's.

I. i. p. 29. **Worcester.**—Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, and younger brother of the Earl of Northumberland.

I. ii. p. 31. **'That wandering knight so fair.'**—El Donzel del Febo, 'the Knight of the Sun,' was a character in the Spanish romance *Espejo de Caballerias*, translated into English, and published in eight parts under the title, "Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood . . ." in 1579–1601.

I. ii. p. 31. **Squires of the night's body, &c.**—(Let not us, the) attendants upon our patron the night (knight) be dubbed robbers of the fair light of day; *i.e.*, let us not be regarded as blots upon daylight (and hence put away, imprisoned).

I. ii. p. 32. **Lad of the castle.**—The point of the epithet is lost since the name Falstaff was substituted for Oldcastle of the original version. (*See* Introduction.)

I. ii. p. 33. **For obtaining of suits.**—The clothes of condemned persons were a perquisite of the hangman; hence the pun.

I. ii. p. 33. **Lincolnshire bagpipe.**—The bagpipe was formerly associated with Lincolnshire as now with Scotland.

I. ii. p. 33. **A hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch.**—A hare sitting on her form was the Egyptian symbol of melancholy, and the characteristic continued to be proverbially ascribed to her. *Moor-ditch* was a stagnant ditch just beyond the city walls on the north side; the whole aspect of the dreary, marshy ground through which it ran, gave rise to the phrase, "Moor-ditch melancholy."

I. ii. p. 34. **Wisdom cries out in the streets.**—These words, an adaptation of Proverbs I. 20, were struck out of the First Folio, in deference to the law against profanity.

I. ii. p. 35. **Set a match.**—Made an appointment. Highwaymen's phrase for a plot arranged between the inn servants and themselves.

I. ii. p. 35. **Gadshill.**—A wooded hill between Gravesend and Rochester, on the Canterbury road from London.

I. ii. p. 36. **Eastcheap.**—A market and street near the Tower of London, formerly noted for its numerous taverns and the riotous character of the neighbourhood.

I. iii. p. 43. **The Earl of March.**—Edmund Mortimer is here confused with Roger Mortimer, his elder brother and the fourth Earl of March. (*See* Note to I. i., p. 27.)

I. iii. p. 44. **Colour her working.**—Throw a glamour of honour over her actions.

I. iii. p. 46. **Whose wrongs in us God pardon!**—For our share in whose injuries may God forgive us!

I. iii. p. 47. **Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer.**—King Richard II. proclaimed *Roger* Mortimer, brother of Sir Edmund, and father of Edmund, the fifth Earl, to be his heir. (*See* Note to I. i., p. 27.)

I. iii. pp. 48–49.—This ranting speech of Hotspur's was borrowed by Beaumont and Fletcher as a specimen of rhodomontade and put into the mouth of the apprentice Ralph in '*The Knight of the Burning Pestle*' (1611), a satire on the pseudo-romantic drama, "apparently with the design of raising a good-natured laugh at Shakespeare's expense" (Johnson).

II. i. p. 54. **Stung like a tench.**—Possibly the tench had, or was supposed to have, a spotted skin suggestive of flea-bites, or the allusion may be to the old belief that fish were infested with fleas; more probably the simile is intentionally meaningless, like,—'dank as a dog,' 'breeds fleas like a loach.'

II. i. p. 55. **Ay, when? canst tell?**—A proverbial phrase used scornfully to parry troublesome questions. (*Cf.* 'When? Can you tell?'—*Comedy of Errors*, III. i., p. 51.)

II. i. p. 56. **Saint Nicholas' clerks.**—A cant term for highwaymen; probably from association of the name "Nick" or "Old Nick" with St. Nicholas, the patron of scholars, or '*clerks*.'

II. i. p. 57. **Long-staff sixpenny strikers.**—Road-thieves who carried long sticks, and would knock a man down for sixpence.

II. i. p. 57. **The receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.**—Fern-seed was believed to be invisible and to render anyone invisible who carried it. But the magical property depended on its being gathered at noon or at midnight on Midsummer Eve, 23rd of June, fasting, and in silence; the conjuration-formula to be repeated during the process of collecting the minute seed was the *receipt* to which Gadshill alludes.

II. i. p. 57. **Homo is a common name to all men**—*i.e.*, A thief is a man like anybody else.

II. ii. p. 60. **Garters.**—Alluding to the Order of the Garter. "He may hang himself in his garters," was a current phrase.

II. ii. p. 61. **Happy man be his dole.**—"May it be his lot to be a happy man," a proverbial phrase.

II. iii. p. 64. **Brain him with his lady's fan**—*i.e.*, His brains being of such infinitesimal proportions, this light female weapon would suffice to scatter them.

II. iii. p. 65. **Divide myself and go to buffets.**—Cut myself in two, and set the parts to fight each other.

II. iii. p. 67. **A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen.**—The weasel was proverbial for ill-temper, which was said to take rise in the spleen. Lady Percy uses the word rather in the sense of 'moodiness,' 'waywardness,' 'conflicting fancies.'

II. iii. p. 67. **I'll break thy little finger.** — An ancient token of amorous dalliance. *Break* = hurt, pinch.

II. iv. p. 69. **Take it already upon their salvation.**—Swear by their hope of salvation.

II. iv. p. 70. **Tinker.**—Tinkers were proverbial tipplers, having many unusual words and phrases, either incidental to their trade or picked up on their tramps through the country.

II. iv. p. 70. **This pennyworth of sugar.**—Sugar was frequently put in sack, and the drawers kept small portions folded up in paper ready for any customer who liked his wine sweetened.

II. iv. p. 70. **Half Moon . . . . Pomegarnet.**—It was customary thus to name the various rooms of a tavern. *Pomegarnet* = Pomegranate.

II. iv. p. 75. **I would I were a weaver.**—Weavers were noted for singing at their work; they were mostly Calvinist refugees from Flanders, and their singing consisted chiefly of hymns and psalms.

II. iv. p. 75. **A dagger of lath.**—Vice's weapon in the old Morality plays.

II. iv. p. 80. **The lion will not touch the true prince.**—This belief, current in the Middle Ages, found constant expression in romance. In *Palmerin d'Oliva*, translated by Anthony Monday, 1588, the hero being in a den of lions—"The lyons coming about him, smelling on his clothes, would not touch him; but (as it were knowing the royal blood) lay downe at his feete and licked him, and afterwards went to their places againe."

II. iv. p. 81. **As much as will make him a royal man.**—That is, 3s. 4d., the difference between a "noble" (6s. 8d.) and a "*royal*" (10s.).

II. iv. p. 83. **Amaimon.**—A king among demons, said to be one of four having dominion over all the demons in the universe, recorded in Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*.

II. iv. p .83. **The cross of a Welsh hook.**—The steel head, consisting of an axe on one side and a spike on the other, forming a cross at the end of the shaft of a bill or halberd.

II. iv. p. 85. **King Cambyses' vein.**—In the ranting style of "*A lamentable tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of Cambises, King of Persia*" (1570).

II. iv. p. 86. **Weep not, sweet queen, &c.**—In "*King Cambises*" a similar situation occurs, and a stage-direction enjoins that the queen should weep.

II. iv. p. 86. **Though the camomile, &c.**—The passage is a humorous adaptation of a passage from Lyly's *Euphues*, in which the mock illustration runs: "Though the camomill the more it is troden and pressed downe, the more it spreadeth, yet the Violet the oftner it is handeled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth."

II. iv. p. 88. **I'll tickle ye for a young prince.**—I'll just show you how the part of a young prince should be played.

II. iv. p. 88. **Manningtree.**—In Essex, a town in which fairs were held, Moralities acted, and an ox roasted whole at the time of the festivities.

II. iv. p. 88. **That reverend vice, that grey iniquity.**—*Vice*, the buffoon of the old Moralities, named '*Iniquity*,' '*Vanity*,' etc., according to the particular vice impersonated.

II. iv. p. 90. **The devil rides upon a fiddlestick.**—A phrase arising from the Puritan denunciation of music and dancing; used to ridicule a needless ado.

II. iv. p. 91. **Hue and cry.**—The technical term for pursuit of a criminal by horn and voice. Notice of such pursuit had to be given to the constable, but anyone could be demanded to join the hunt. The search with *hue and cry* could be raised by order of a Justice of the Peace or by a private individual.

II. iv. p. 92. **Paul's.**—St. Paul's Cross was used for public proclamations, and the Cathedral aisles as a place of resort for business and pleasure.

II. iv. p. 92. **Peto.**—Johnson proposed to transfer this and the subsequent speeches to Poins, on the ground that he and not Peto has been throughout the scene the confidant of the prince, and that it is more probable that Peto, being guilty of the robbery, would run from the sheriff. The argument is plausible, but hardly strong enough to warrant the alteration of the old texts, even supposing the character to be introduced only by the initial letter "P," since *Peto* occurs in the text of the last line of the scene.

III. i. p. 96. **Hitherto.**—To this spot. Presumably to the south-east corner of England—the extreme point "from Trent and Severn by south and east."

III. i. p. 99. **Like the forced gait of a shuffling nag**—*i.e.*, its regularity is obviously obtained by a wearisome effort.

III. i. p. 100. **Merlin and his prophecies.**—Holinshed reports "a vaine prophecie, as though King Henrie was the molde warpe, cursed by God's owne mouth, and they three [Mortimer, Glendower, and Percy] were the dragon, the lion, and the wolfe, which should divide this realme between them." Merlin is not mentioned by Holinshed, but is credited with the prophecy in "The Legend of Glendower" in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559.

III. i. p. 100. **As tedious as a railing wife, worse than a smoking chimney.**—These two, together with 'a leaking roof,' formed the proverbial triad of annoyances commemorated in both Welsh and English poetry. In Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 5860–2, occur the lines:—

> "Thou saidst, that dropping houses, and eek smoke,
> And chiding wives maken men to flee
> Out of her owen hous."

III. i. p. 103. **Heavenly-harnessed team.**—The horses of Phœbus drawing the chariot of the Sun.

III. i. p. 105. **Further than Finsbury** — *i.e.*, just outside the City walls.

III. i. p. 105. **'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher.**—(To sing) is the most certain way to become a tailor—(tailors, like weavers, were noted for singing at their work, but *not* for singing *psalms* [II. iv., p. 75]),—or a teacher of singing to birds. Shakspere always calls the robin *ruddock;* the expression '*redbreast*,' therefore, probably refers to birds in general, or possibly, as Dr. Littledale suggests, to the bullfinch.

III. i. p. 106. **As thou art matched withal.**—As you are associated with on terms of equal comradeship.

III. ii. p. 111. **The slightest worship of his time.**—The smallest honour afforded him by his contemporaries.

III. ii. p. 112. **Lord Mortimer of Scotland.**—Shakspere fell into an error here through his authority, Holinshed, who calls the character "the Scot, the Earl of March," to whom Shakspere added the family name of the English Earls of March. The name of the Scottish Earl was George Dunbar.

III. iii. p. 113. **I am a peppercorn, &c.**—The *peppercorn* was proverbial for minuteness, and the *brewer's horse* for dulness of wits.

III. iii. p. 114. **Memento mori.**—It was customary to wear trinkets ornamented with painted or engraved skulls as reminders of ever-approaching death.

III. iii. p. 115. **Dame Partlet.**—The name of the hen in the old story of "Reynard, the Fox," *Cf.* Chaucer's *Nun's Priest's Tale.*

III. iii. p. 116. **Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?**—A proverbial phrase found in Heywood's *Epigrammes upon Proverbs*, 1562.

III. iii. p. 118. **Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.**—*Maid Marian*, the mistress of Robin Hood in the popular Morris-dance, often impersonated by a man. Falstaff says that Marian may be as good as the deputy of the ward's wife compared to the hostess. The deputy of the ward was the officer responsible for the policing of a district.

III. iii. p. 120. **My girdle break.**—Alluding to the old adage "Ungirt, unblest," and having a further significance in the practice of attaching the *purse* to the belt or girdle.

III. iii. p. 120. **Injuries.**—Valuables; facetiously alluding to Falstaff's complaint of the '*injury*' he suffered in having his pocket picked.

III. iii. p. 121. **With unwashed hands.**—Forthwith, without waiting even to wash your hands.

IV. i. p. 125. **The soul of hope.**—The very substance of hope—*i.e.*, we should get to the limit even of hope. The use of the word 'bottom' suggests that *soul* covers a punning allusion to "sole."

IV. i. p. 128. **Maid of smoky war.**—Bellona, the Roman goddess of War.

IV. ii. p. 130. **Younger sons to younger brothers**—*i.e.*, men of desperate fortune ready for any devilry.

IV. ii. p. 130. **An old-faced ancient.**—An old patched ensign or standard. *Ancient* was used both for "standard" and "standard-bearer."

IV. ii. p. 131. **A herald's coat.**—A tabard, the sleeveless coat worn by heralds.

IV. iii. p. 137. **In the neck of that.**—Following close upon that.

IV. iii. p. 137. **This head of safety.**—This armed force, raised in self-defence.

IV. iv. p. 138. **Sir Michael.**—The title is in virtue of his priestly office.

V. i. p. 140. The Folios and Quartos include the Earl of Westmoreland among the persons entering, but, as Malone pointed out, it appears from V. ii., p. 147 that he was at this time in the rebel camp as a hostage for Worcester's safe conduct.

V. i. p. 143. **Rub the elbow.**—A proverbial sign of satisfaction.

V. iii. p. 153. **The town's end.**—At the gates, a customary place for beggars.

V. iii. p. 153. **Turk Gregory.**—A grotesque combination of the anti-Christian Sultan and Christian Pope Gregory VII., both popular military heroes.

V. iv. p. 158. **Life time's fool.**—Life is subject to the capricious hand of Time. Alluding to the Fool of the old Moralities, who sported with Time and Death, but eventually became their victim.

GLOSSARY

Admiral: admiral's ship (which carried a stern light for guidance to the rest of the fleet. III. iii. p. 114.

Advantage: leisure. II. iv. p. 92; interest. II. iv. p. 93; opportunity. III. ii. p. 113.

Advertisement: information. III. ii. p. 112.; advice. IV. i. p. 124.

Affections: inclinations. III. ii. p. 107.

Against: contrary to the dignity of. III. ii. p. 108.

All-hallown summer: summer in winter (*Allhallowmas*, November 1, first day of winter). I. ii. p. 37.

Amaze: bewilder, throw into confusion. V. iv. p. 154.

Ancients: ensigns. IV. ii. p. 130.

Angel: a coin varying in value from 6s. 8d. to 10s. IV. ii. p. 129.

Answer: repay. I. iii. p. 48.

Antick: buffoon. I. ii. p. 33.

Any: either. I. i. p. 28.

Apple-john: an apple that shrivels with keeping, but remains good. III. iii. p. 113.

Approve: put me to the test. IV. i. p. 128.

Argument: conversation. II. ii. p. 62.

Articulate: set forth in articles. V. i. p. 143.

Aspects: "in all ——," in every direction and through all channels (astronomical term for planetary influence). I. i. p. 29.

Assay: test. V. iv. p. 154.

"At hand, &c.": proverbial phrase for 'immediately,' 'just coming.' II. i. p. 55.

Athwart: "all ——," upsetting all our plans. I. i. p. 27.

Attempts: pursuits. III. ii. p. 106.

Attribution: praise. IV. i. p. 122.

Auditor: an officer of the exchequer. II. i. p. 56.

Away all night: march all night. IV. ii. p. 131.

Back: mount. II. iii. p. 67.

Baffle me: degrade me as a recreant knight. I. ii. p. 34.

Balked: heaped in *balks* or ridges. I. i. p. 28.

Bands: bonds. III. ii. p. 112.

Basilisks: the largest kind of cannon (so called from the fabulous monster said to strike dead with a look). II. iii. p. 66.

Bastard: a sweet, heady, Spanish wine. II. iv. p. 70.

Bate: shrink, fade away. III. iii. p. 113.

Bated: flapped the wings (the fluttering of the ostriches' (*estridges*') feathers after '*plumming*,' is likened to the violent flapping by which eagles dry their wings after bathing). IV. i. p. 127.

Battle: force, army. IV. i. p. 128.

Bavin: brushwood (easily kindled and soon burnt out). III. ii. p. 108.

Bears hard: feels bitterly. I. iii. p. 51.

Beaver: helmet. IV. i. p. 127.

Become: adorn, look becoming in. II. iv. p. 90.

Beguiling: insidiously robbing. III. i. p. 101.

Beldame: old grandmother, aged crone. III. i. p. 94.

Bestride me: stand over my body to defend me. V. i. p. 145.
Blue-caps: the blue-bonneted Scotch soldiers. II. iv. p. 84.
Bolters: cloths used as sieves for meal. III. iii. p. 116.
Bolting-hutch: receptacle into which meal is *bolted* = sifted from the bran. II. iv. p. 88.
Bombard: a large leathern jug for holding liquor. II. iv. p. 88.
Bombast: cotton used for padding clothes. II. iv. p. 83.
Book: document containing the indentures. III. i. p. 103.
Bootless: foiled in his attempt. III. i. p. 96.
Boots: with play on '*boot*,' = booty, profit. II. i. p. 57.
Bosky: wooded. V. i. p. 140.
Bots: worms that infest horses. II. i. p. 54.
Bottom: the fertile land of a valley through which a river flows. III. i. p. 98.
Brach: a female hound. III. i. p. 104.
Brave: notable. I. ii. p. 33.
Brawn: mass of flesh. II. iv. p. 74.
Break: broach the matter. III. i. p. 100.
Breathe: take breath. II. iv. p. 69.
Breathed: paused to recover breath. I. iii. p. 44.
Brief: document. IV. iv. p. 138.
"Bring in": *i.e.* more wine. I. ii. p. 32.
Brother: brother-in-law (by his marriage with Elizabeth [Kate]). I. iii. p. 47.
Buckram: coarse cloth stiffened with glue. I. ii. p. 38.
Buffeting: war. II. iv. p. 84.
Buff-jerkin: jacket of buff-leather, the dress of the sheriff's officers. I. ii. p. 32.
Burning: aflame with war. III. iii. p. 122.
By-drinkings: odd drinks between meals. III. iii. p. 116.
Caddis-garter: worsted-gartered. II. iv. p. 72.
Caliver: musket. IV. ii. p. 130.
Canker: dog-rose. I. iii. p. 47.
Cankered: malignant. I. iii. p. 46.
Cankers: canker-worms. IV. ii. p. 130.
Canstick: candlestick. III. i. p. 99.
Cantle: corner, piece. III. i. p. 98.
Capital: chief. III. ii. p. 110.
Capitulate: form a league. III. ii. p. 110. (See '*Indentures tripartite.*')
Carbonado: a piece of meat slashed for broiling. V. iii. p. 154.
Carded: mixed (in the sense of 'diluted,' 'debased'). Technical expression for blending liquors. III. ii. p. 108.
Cart: *i.e.* the cart in which criminals were conveyed to execution. II. iv. p. 90.
Caterpillars: parasites on the national wealth. II. ii. p. 61.
Cates: delicacies. III. i. p. 100.
Cess: measure. II. i. p. 53.
Chamber-lie: urine. II. i. p. 54.
Changing: exchanging. I. iii. p. 44.
Charge: "limits of the ——," instructions for the execution of the matter. I. i. p. 27; "great ——," valuable baggage. II. i. p. 55; "—— of foot," command of a regiment of infantry. II. iv. p. 92.
Cheap: "as good ——," as cheap. III. iii. p. 115.
Chewet: chough, jackdaw. V. i. p. 141.
Chops: lump of flesh! I. ii. p. 36.
Chuffs: rich close-fisted landowners (cf. *Hamlet*. V. ii. p. 196: "a *chough*, but as I say spacious in the possession of dirt.") II. ii. p. 62.
Cital: mention. V. ii. p. 149.
Clipped in: encompassed. III. i. p. 95.
Close: hand to hand struggle. I. i. p. 26.

Cloudy: sullen. III. ii. p. 109.
Cock: cockcrow. II. i. p. 54.
Colt: gull, deceive. II. ii. p. 59.
Colted: cheated. II. ii. p. 59.
Community: commonness, frequency. III. ii. p. 108.
Comparative: a satirist, given to making idle comparisons. III. ii. p. 34.
Compound: *i.e.* Falstaff's face in conjunction with the frothy contents of the cup. II. iv. p. 74.
Concealments: mysteries of nature. III. i. p. 100.
Condition: "my ——," follow my natural tendencies. I. iii. p. 40.
Conduct: "in my ——," under my escort. III. i. p. 97.
Contagious: harmful. I. ii. p. 39.
Contracted: bethrothed. IV. ii. p. 129.
Corinthian: cant term for a dare-devil, dissolute fellow. II. iv. p. 69.
Correction: retribution. V. i. p. 144.
Corrival: competition, rival. I. iii. p. 49.
Couching: heraldic term, properly 'couchant' = lying down. III. i. p. 100.
Countenance: patronage (quibblingly). I. ii. p. 31.
Cousin: kinsman. I. iii. p. 52.
Cranking: winding. III. i. p. 98.
Cressets: brilliant lights, "made of ropes, wreathed, pitched, and put into small open caps of iron."—(Cotgrave). III. i. p. 94.
Crisp: rippled, curled. I. iii. p. 44.
Crown: give dominion to, enthrone. III. i. p. 103.
Crystal-button: commonly worn upon the jerkin by vintners. II. iv. p. 72.
Cuckoo's bird: young cuckoo. V. i. p. 142.
Cuisses: thigh-pieces of armour. IV. i. p. 127.
Culverin: a smaller kind of cannon than a *basilisk*. II. iii. p. 66.
Currents: courses. II. iii. p. 66.
Cut: properly a docked horse, used as a general name for a horse. III. i. p. 53.
Daffed: doffed, tossed. IV. i. p. 127.
Dangerous countenance: alarming appearances. V. i. p. 143.
Dare: daring. IV. i. p. 126.
Dear: urgent; momentous. I. i. p. 27; invaluable. IV. iv. p. 139.
Defend: forbid. IV. iii. p. 134.
Defy: renounce. I. iii. p. 50.
Deliver: give your report. V. ii. p. 147.
Delivered: reported. I. iii. p. 41.
Denier: the coin of least value (one-tenth of a penny). III. iii. p. 116.
Deny: refuse. I. iii. p. 41.
Deputation: "in ——," as deputies. IV. iii. p. 136.
Devised: invented, false. III. ii. p. 106.
Discontents: malcontents. V. i. p. 143.
Disdained: disdainful. I. iii. p. 48.
Disputation: "feeling ——," conversation through feelings. III. i. p. 102.
Distemperature: disorder. III. i. p. 95.
Division: florid variation on a melody. III. i. p. 103.
Doubt: fear. I. ii. p. 38.
Dowlas: coarse linen. III. iii. p. 116.
Draff: scraps, refuse. IV. ii. p. 130.
Drawn: called together. IV. i. p. 124.
Drawn fox: a fox scented and *drawn* from cover, and thus exercising all its cunning to escape. III. iii. p. 118.

Drone: the largest tube of a bagpipe, which emits a buzzing sound, resembling that of a drone bee. I. ii. p. 38.

Drum: probably 'rallying-place,' in allusion to the enlisting of soldiers. III. iv. p. 122.

Durance: durable material, with quibbling allusion to the figurative sense of 'imprisonment.' I. ii. p. 32.

Duties of: attributes of, qualities proper to. V. ii. p. 148.

Ecce signum: behold the proof. II. iv. p. 76.

Embossed: swollen. III. iii. p. 120.

Embowelled: *i.e.* for embalming. V. iv. p. 159.

Enfeoffed himself: gave himself entirely over. III. ii. p. 108.

Engaged: held as hostage. IV. iii. p. 137.

Engross up: amass, accumulate. III. ii. p. 111.

Enlarged: set at liberty. III. ii. p. 110.

Enlargement: vent. III. i. p. 94.

Entertain: occupy. V. i. p. 141.

Envy: ill-will. I. iii. p. 41; hatred, enmity. V. ii. p. 149.

Esperance: Hope: the motto and battle-cry of the Percys. II. iii. p. 67.

Estimation: conjecture. I. iii. p. 52.

Even: modestly, temperately. I. ii. p. 52.

Exhalations: meteors (formerly supposed to be drawn up from the earth in the form of vapour). II. iv. p. 82.

Exhaled: drawn up from the earth. V. i. p. 141.

Expectation: promise. II. iii. p. 64.

Expedience: enterprise. I. i. p. 27.

Face: trim, show up. V. i. p. 143.

Fall off: prove treacherous. I. iii. p. 44.

Fat room: (probably) vat-room II. iv. p. 69.

Favours: features. III. ii. p. 99; the scarf or badge bestowed upon a knight by his lady-love. V. iv. p. 159.

Feared: feared for. IV. i. p. 124.

Fears: objects of fear. I. iii. p. 43.

Feeds him: *i.e.* himself. III. ii. p. 113.

Figures: imaginary forms. I. iii. p. 49.

Fleshed: initiated in bloodshed. V. iv. p. 160.

Fobbed: cheated. I. ii. p. 33.

Foot land-rakers: footpads. II. i. p. 57.

Force: "of ——," of necessity. II. iii. p. 68.

Four by the day: 4 o'clock a.m. II. i. p. 53.

Framed: composed. III. i. p. 99.

Franklin: freeholder. II. i. p. 56.

Frets: in the double sense of 'fumes,' and 'frays out,' like '*gummed velvet*' = velvet stiffened with gum. II. ii. p. 58.

Frontier: "moody ——," frowning, forbidding, outward aspect (of a fortification). I. iii. p. 41.

Furniture: equipment. III. iii. p. 122.

Gage: stake, pledge. I. iii. p. 47.

Gelding: cutting off from. III. i. p. 98.

Gib cat: tom-cat. I. ii. p. 33.

Given: disposed. III. iii. p. 114.

Goodman: grandfather. II. iv. p. 78.

Good night! an expression of desperate resignation, equivalent to the modern Italian '*buona notte!*' I. iii. p. 48.

Gorbellied: big-bellied, corpulent. II. ii. p. 62.

Government: self-control. I. ii. p. 31.

Grandam: grandmother. III. i. p. 95.

Grand-jurors: country magnates, 'bigwigs.' II. ii. p 62.

Grief: physical pain. I. iii. p. 145; V. i. p. 42.
Griefs: grievances. IV. iii. p. 135.
Gull: unfledged bird. V. i. p. 142.
Gyves: fetters. IV. ii. p. 130.
Hair: character. IV. i. p. 125.
Half-faced: half-hearted, mean-spirited. I. iii. p. 49.
Half-sword: close quarters. II. iv. p. 76.
Hardiment: hard fighting. I. iii. p. 44.
Harlotry: shrew. III. i. p. 102; vagabond. II. iv. p. 86.
Harness: armour. III. ii. p. 109.
Head: army. I. iii. p. 52.
Hem!: an exclamation of encouragement. II. iv. p. 69.
Hest: summons, demand upon their valour. II. iii. p. 66.
Hitherto: hitherwards, to this spot. III. i. p. 96. (*See* Notes.)
Hold in: 'hold their tongues.' II. i. p. 57.
Holy-rood day: *i.e.* September 14. I. i. p. 28.
Home: to the last scruple. I. iii. p. 52.
Hopes: expectations. I. ii. p. 39.
Hot in question: the subject of earnest debate. I. i. p. 27.
Humorous: capricious. III. i. p. 104.
Humours: fancies, caprices. II. iv. p. 78.
Hybla: a district in Sicily famous for its honey. I. ii. p. 32.
Hydra: the fabulous many-headed serpent killed by Hercules. V. iv. p. 155.
Ignis fatuus: delusive fire, 'will-o'-the-wisp.' III. iii. p. 115.
Ignomy: ignominy, dishonour. V. iv. p. 159.
Impawned: pledged. IV. iii. p. 137.
Impressed: pressed into the service, compelled to take arms. I. i. p. 26.
Incomprehensible: unimaginable. I. ii. p. 38.
Indent: make a bargain. I. iii. p. 43.
Indentures tripartite: agreement, drawn up in triplicate, one copy for each of the three signatories to the compact. III. i. p. 97.
Induction: initial movements. III. i. p. 93.
Intelligence: spies, informers. IV. iii. p. 137.
Interchangeably: *i.e.* each document to bear the signatures and seals of all three. III. i. p. 97.
Interest: title, right. III. ii. p. 109.
Iteration: "damnable ——," blasphemous readiness in quoting Scripture to your purposes. I. ii. p. 34.
Joint-stool: joint-stool, folding chair. II. iv. p. 85.
Journey-bated: exhausted with the march. IV. iii. p. 134.
Jumps: agrees. I. ii. p. 33.
Justling: jostling, busy. IV. i. p. 123.
Kept: lived. I. iii. p. 50.
King Christen: Christian king. II. i. p. 54.
Knows itself: becomes self-realised. IV. iii. p. 136.
Lay by: halt, yield; a nautical term for 'slacken sail,' adopted by highwaymen. I. ii. p. 32.
Leading: "great ——," renowned leadership. IV. iii. p. 133.
Leaping-houses: brothels. I. ii. p. 30.
Leash: a trio of liquor-servers (properly three hounds in a *leash*). II. iv. p. 69.
Leg: bow, salutation. II. iv. p. 85.
Letts't slip: *i.e.* the hound from the leash. I. iii. p. 52.
Liking: "some ——," fairly good condition. III. iii. p. 113.
Line: strengthen from within. II. iii. p. 67.
Links: torches, commonly carried in the streets before lighting was introduced. III. iii. p. 115.

Liquored: rendered waterproof by oiling or greasing. II. i. p. 57.
List: limit, verge. IV. i. p. 125.
Lugged: dragged on show through the streets. I. ii. p. 33.
Mad: madcap, hilarious. IV. ii. p. 130.
Main: stake. IV. i. p. 125.
Mainly: 'with might and main,' fiercely. II. iv. p. 77.
Maintenance: bearing. V. iv. p. 155.
Major: 'major premiss,' chief proposition (*i.e.* "thou art a natural coward"); with quibble on 'mayor.' II. iv. p. 90.
Majority: supremacy. III. ii. p. 110.
Make: "to ——," as to make. I. ii. p. 39.
Make up: advance. V. iv. p. 154.
Malt-worms: ale-topers (with moustaches dyed by the liquor). II. i. p. 57.
Mammets: puppets. II. iii. p. 67.
Manage: mastery, horsemanship. II. iii. p. 65.
Manner: "taken with the ——," caught in the act. II. iv. p. 82.
Mark: a gold coin of the value of 13s. 4d. II. i. p. 56.
Masters: a familiar term of good fellowship independent of rank. II. iv. p. 90.
Mean: means. I. iii. p. 51.
Medicines: love potions. II. ii. p. 59.
Memento mori: memorial of death. III. iii. p. 114. (*See* Notes.)
Mercy: "I cry you ——," I ask your pardon. I. iii. p. 49.
Merlin: the magician of the Arthurian legends of the Holy Grail. III. i. p. 100. (*See* Notes.)
Micker: lurker, truant ('*moocher*, a boy who plays truant to pick blackberries'—Akerman's *Glossary of Provincial Words and Phrases*). II. iv. p. 86.
Milliner: a dealer in fancy articles of dress and toilet. I. iii. p. 41.
Minion: darling, favourite. I. i. p. 29.
Misprision: misunderstanding. I. iii. p. 41.
Misquote: misread. V. ii. p. 146.
Moiety: share. III. i. p. 97.
Moldwarp: mole. III. i. p. 100. (*See* Notes.)
More and less: high and low. IV. iii. p. 136.
Mouthed: gaping. I. iii. p. 44.
Mutual: combined. I. i. p. 26.
Neat's-tongue: ox-tongue. II. iv. p. 79.
Nether stocks: stockings. II. iv. p. 74.
New reaped: freshly trimmed (according to the latest fashion, of having the beard cut close like '*stubble*'). I. iii. p. 41.
Next: most certain, surest. II. i. p. 54; III. i. p. 105. (*See* Notes.)
Noted: familiar. I. ii. p. 38.
Nothing: not a bit. III. i. p. 99.
Nott-pated: cropped, shaven-headed. II. iv. p. 72.
Ob: 'obolus,' a half-penny (properly a Greek coin of small value). II. iv. p. 92.
Offering: challenging, attacking. IV. i. p. 125.
Oneyers: "great ——," probably a jocose form of 'great ones.' II. i. p. 57.
Opinion: self-conceit. III. i. p. 101; reputation. III. ii. p. 107.
Opposed: opposite. III. i. p. 98.
Orb: sphere. V. i. p. 141.
Order ta'en: agreement determined upon. III. i. p. 96.
Ought: owed. III. iii. p. 119.
Painted cloth: hangings, on which water-colour representations of biblical subjects were painted. IV. ii. p. 130.
Paraquito: little parrot, an endearing expression. II. iii. p. 67.

Parcel: part, single item. II. iv. p. 73; fraction. III. ii. p. 112.

Parmaceti: spermaceti, a fatty substance found in the head of the sperm whale. I. iii. p. 42.

Part: behalf. I. iii. p. 45.

Participation: "vile ——," degraded companions. III. ii. p. 109.

Passages: actions, conduct. III. ii. p. 106.

Passion: sorrow. II. iv. p. 85; agony. III. i p. 95.

Personal: personally commanding. IV. iii. p. 136.

Pick-thanks: officious hangers-on, obsequious gossips. III. ii. p. 106.

Pierce: pronounced 'perce,' with play on the name '*Percy*.' V. iii. p. 154.

Pinch: harass. I. iii. p. 50.

Pismires: ants. I. iii. p. 50.

Play it off: toss it off at a draught. II. iv. p. 69.

Points: Falstaff means 'sword points'; Poins quibbles on the other meaning,—'tagged laces for supporting the hose.' II. iv. p. 78.

Politician: schemer. I. iii. p. 50.

Pomgarnet: pomegranate. II. iv. p. 70. (*See* Notes.)

Popinjay: parrot. I. iii. p. 42.

Possessed: informed. IV. i. p. 124.

Possession: the possessor of the crown. III. ii. p. 107.

Poulter: poulterer. II. iv. p. 88.

Pouncet-box: a box of perfumes with perforated cover. I. iii. p. 41.

Powder: salt. V. iv. p. 160.

Powers: raising troops. I. iii. p. 51.

Precedent: specimen, sample. II. iv. p. 70.

Predicament: category, class of men. I. iii. p. 47.

Presently: immediately. II. i. p. 56.

Profited: initiated. III. i. p. 100.

Prune: preen, trim (properly applied to birds). I. i. p. 30.

Puke-stocking: with dark-coloured stockings of fine material. II. iv. p. 72.

Puny: the technical term for a younger son, playfully applied to the *unwier*-skinker (tapster). II. iv. p. 70.

Purchase: booty. II. i. p. 57.

Quality: side, party. IV. iii. p. 134.

Quiddities: subtle and frivolous allusions. I. ii. p. 32.

Quips: pointed jests. I. ii. p. 32.

Quit: acquit, dismiss. III. ii. p. 106.

Rabbit-sucker: sucking rabbit. II. iv. p. 88.

Races: roots (possibly used for 'bundles,' 'parcels'). II. i. p. 54.

Ramping: properly 'rampant,' heraldic term for rearing, in the act of springing. III. i. p. 100.

Rated sinew: source of strength we calculated on. IV. iv. p. 138.

Read to me: tutored me. III. i. p. 95.

Reasons as plentiful, &c.: a play upon 'raisins,' the pronunciation being almost identical. II. iv. p. 79.

Remember: remind. V. i. p. 141.

Reprisal: prize. IV. i. p. 128.

Reproof: refutation. I. ii. p. 38; III. ii. p. 106.

Reversion: probability of retaining possession. IV. i. p. 125.

Rivo!: a common exclamation of drunkards. II. iv. p. 74.

Roundly: bluntly. I. ii. p. 31.

Rudely: by your wild life. III. ii. p. 107.

Salamander: a reptile supposed to be able to live in fire. III. iii. p. 115.

Sarcenet: a fine soft silk, hence 'dainty,' 'superfine.' III. i. p. 104.

Scandalised: vilified, defamed. I. iii. p. 46.
Scot and lot: taxes. V. iv. p. 160.
Semblably: similarly. V. iii. p. 152.
Set off his head: taken from his account. V. i. p. 143.
Setter: thieves' accomplice, the one who planned the robbery. II. ii. p. 60.
Seven stars: the Pleiades. I. ii. p. 31.
Shot-free: scot-free, without paying the tavern 'score.' V. iii. p. 152.
Shotten herring: a herring that has cast its roe, and is *lean* in consequence. II. iv. p. 74.
Skill: a matter of diplomacy. I. ii. p. 39.
Skimble-skamble: confused, rambling. III. i. p. 100.
Skipping: irr sponsible. III. ii. p. 108.
Smug: smooth. III. i. p. 98.
Sneakcup: one who shirks his share of drink. III. iii. p. 117.
Snuff: "in ——," as an offence (and sneezed at it). I. iii. p. 41.
Solemnity: impressiveness, dignity. III. ii. p. 108.
Soothers: conceders, flatterers. IV. i. p. 123.
Speed: aid, support. III. i. p. 101.
Spite: annoyance. III. i. p. 102.
Spleen: moodiness, conflicting fancies. II. iii. p. 67. (*See* Notes.)
Squier: square-rule, measure. II. ii. p. 58.
Standing tuck: rapier standing on end; alluding to the prince's slight figure. II. iv. p. 79.
Start: impulse. III. ii. p. 110.
Starting-hole: cover, subterfuge. II. iv. p. 80.
Starving: craving. V. i. p. 143.
State: throne. II. iv. p. 85.
Stay: "shall ——," shall have delayed. IV. ii. p. 132.
Stock-fish: dried cod, or ling. II. iv. p. 79.
Stomach: appetite. II. iii. p. 65.
Strappado: a torture, which consisted of fastening ropes to the wrists and ankles, and letting the body drop until stopped and suspended at the ropes' length. II. iv. p. 79.
Strength: emphasis. I. iii. p. 41.
Studies: endeavours. I. iii. p. 48.
Subornation: "murderous ——," stealthy instigation of murder. I. iii. p. 47.
Suddenly: promptly, almost immediately. I. i. p. 53.
Sue his livery: lay legal claim to his estates. IV. iii. p 135.
Sufferances: sufferings. V. i. p. 142.
Suggestion: instigation. IV. iii. p. 135.
Sullen: dull. I. ii. p. 39.
Summer house: country house for summer residence. III. i. p. 100.
Supply: reinforcements. IV. iii. p. 133.
Sutton Co'fil': a colloquial contraction of Sutton Coldfield (twenty-four miles from Coventry). IV. ii. p. 129.
Sword-and-buckler: the distinctive accoutrements of serving men. I. iii. p. 50.
Taffeta: light gauzy silk. I. ii. p. 31.
Take me with you: be explicit. II. iv. p. 89.
Tall: valiant, strapping. I. iii. p. 42.
Tallow-ketch: a lump of fat rolled up by the 'keech' (a common nickname for a butcher) to be taken to the chandler. II. iv. p. 79.
Tasked: taxed. IV. iii. p. 137.
Tasking: challenge. V. ii. p. 148.
Task me to: set me to prove. IV. i. p. 123.
Taste: try the mettle of. IV. i. p. 128.

Tender: "makest some ——," hast some care. V. iv. p. 156.
Term of: word. IV. i. p. 126.
Termagant: the violent tyrant (usually impersonating Herod) represented in the old Moralities. V. iv. p. 160.
Therefore: for this purpose. I. i. p. 27.
Thick-eyed: heavy-eyed, gloomy. II. iii. p. 65.
Thief: used as a term of affection. III. i. p. 104.
Thieves: despoilers. I. ii. p. 31.
Tickle-brain: a strong liquor of some kind. II. iv. p. 86.
Titan: the sun. II. iv. p. 74.
Toasts-and-butter: effeminate fellows, 'cockneys' (a term of contempt for Londoners). IV. ii. p. 130.
Tongue: *i.e.* the English language. III. i. p. 99.
Toss: *i.e.* upon pikes. IV. ii. p. 132.
Touch: test; alluding to testing gold on a touchstone. IV. iv. p. 138.
Trace: track, follow. III. i. p. 95.
Trade-fallen: out of service. IV. ii. p. 130.
Train: allure. V. ii. p. 147.
Tranquillity: living in wealthy ease. II. i. p. 57.
Trench: dig a new channel. III. i. p. 98.
Trick: peculiarity. II. iv. p. 86.
Trim: adornments, decorated for slaughter. IV. i. p. 127.
Tristful: sorrowful. II. iv. p. 86.
Triumph: festive season. III. iii. p. 115.
Trojans: cant term for 'scoundrels,' 'thieves.' II. i. p. 56.
Twelve-score: *i.e.* yards (in the language of archery). II. iv. p. 93.
Under-skinker: under-tapster. II. iv. p. 70.
Uneven: embarrassing. I. i. p. 27.
Unhandsome: indecent. I. iii. p. 42.
Unjointed: disconnected, incoherent. I. iii. p. 42.
Unjust: dishonest. IV. ii. p. 130.
Unsorted: ill-chosen. II. iii. p. 64.
Unyoked: unbridled, riotous. I. ii. p. 38.
Up: in arms. III. ii. p. 110.
Valued: allowed necessary time for. III. ii. p. 113; weighed, compared. V. ii. p. 149.
Vasty: vast. III. i. p. 95.
Velvet-guards: velvet-trimmings (*i.e.* 'citizens' wives in their best gowns'). III. i. p. 105.
Virtue: courage, valour. II. iv. p. 74.
Visors: masks. I. ii. p. 36.
Waiting: assiduously attending in the hope of preferment. I. ii. p. 33.
Want: "his present ——," our present need of him. IV. i. p. 124.
Wanton: luxuriant. III. i. p. 103.
Ward: posture of defence. I. ii. p. 38; II. iv. p. 77.
Warm: comfort-loving. IV. ii. p. 130.
Water-colours: *i.e.* bright but transient. V. i. p. 143.
Watering: drinking. II. iv. p. 69.
Well: truly, rightly. IV. iii. p. 137.
Well-respected: duly-considered. IV. iii. p. 133.
Whereupon: on what grounds. IV. iii. p. 135.
Wild: weald (O. E. *weald* = wood). II. i. p. 56.
Wilful-blame: wilfully faulty. III. i. p. 101.
Witch: bewitch. IV. i. p. 127.
Worship: honour. III. ii. p. 111.
Withers: the junction of the shoulder-blades of a horse at the end of the mane. II. i. p. 53.
Yedward: a familiar corruption of 'Edward.' I. ii. p. 36.
Yet: still. I. iii. p. 43.
Younker: raw stripling, inexperienced youth. III. iii. p. 116.

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